VISIT…

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Also please note, this is only the First Edition of the UFO Attractors Handbook. There are Second & Third Editions as well. And although the subject matter is more or less the same. The line for line copy differs. Each is a complete rewrite from beginning to end. Well, not the Third Edition so much, Eddie died before he finished it, but you get the idea. Concept = same. Jokes/copy = different.

The UFO Attractors Handbook
The Second Edition
By Eddie Takosori

Previously entitled, How to Jump a Beruvian Freighter Spinward in One Anterian Sidereal Year or Your Money Back! but the name was sort of unwieldy, and well, to be quite frank about it, too many disappointed citizens wanted their money back.

24/7

Want to see a UFO or better yet hop a freighter back to whatever orbiting sphere of goo you call home? Then what I am going to need out of you is your attention 24/7. That's right, 24/7! No, not 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. That would be absurd! Crazy! That's what that would be. Me, I just want your heart, body, and soul for 30 seconds once every hour on the hour. That's only like 84 minutes every week, and if you can't spare an hour and a half of your time on a weekly basis, well then, maybe you like it here on this tiny insignificant blue marble, and aren't really all that interested in making the journey back to your illustrious home world after all. (130) (11-19-08)

Reach for the Stars

24/7, that's the starting spot. Every hour on the hour. Needless to say, to do this consistently you'll need to keep track of time. So buy yourself one of those digital watches, not one of those fancy things with a clock face, but an actual to goodness

digital watch; and if you can, find one with red numbers. Once you've got your watch, set that sucker's timer to go off every hour. And please, don't ask me how you do this. Then, when the alarm does go off (clever boy, you, you got it to work), walk outside, look to the sky, and scan for UFOs. This shouldn't take long. I mean, take your time, but come on, UFOs are pretty darn hard to miss -- they're big and have like a gagillion flashing lights on them -- so no need to do more than just give the sky a good once over, you know, and take a quick looksey around. They are either there or they aren't. Sometimes, however, a UFO will have turned off its running lights, or be hiding behind a tree, so even though you don't see a flying saucer, just as a precaution, scrunch down, touch your toes and then -- and here's the important part -- jump as high as you can reaching for the sky. Just let loose and jump as high as you can. If any UFOs are in the vicinity or if one accidentally forgot to turn off its traction beam, often a little jump is all that it takes to clear gravity. Anyhow, don't get dejected if your feet hit the ground -- as this is what will happen most of the time. But like I said not to worry, in another 59 minutes and 30 seconds, you'll get another chance at it all. And that my friends is -- in a nutshell -- how you train your mind to look for UFOs. Nothing could be simpler. (11-20-08)

No Cheating.

Look, I know most of you aren't going to give the whole 24/7 thing a fair shake. You'll walk outside, look to the sky maybe one or two times, not see a damn thing, and then that will be that. End of story, end of your glorious quest to return to home to Septumus IV -- or whatever fetid sewer-hole you crawled out of. I mean let's face it, those guys from Septumus IV are real quitters. It's almost like they don't want to return home. But you don't have to give up that easily. Let me go out on a limb here. I'm guessing you haven't seen many UFOs in your time. Am I right? Be honest. Now ask yourself, why is that? It's not because your breath smells bad, you've got bad eyesight, or that you've been spending all your

time looking in the wrong places, it's because you don't know how to look. Admit it. When it comes to UFOs, you don't know diddly-squat. You haven't got a clue. But not to worry, I'm going to tell you exactly what to do, my friends... 24/7. Just walk outside once and hour on the hour and look to the sky. (11-20-08)

Connecting the Dots

Those of you who live next to airports and/or other high security government installations are almost sure to see immediate results from the 24/7 program. Others may not, and after a while these others may need convincing and/or encouragement. So, here's the down and dirty about why it will eventually work. In short, a person who stops what they are doing once an hour to take the proactive action of walking outside and leaping into the air is literally announcing to the universe that they will do whatever it takes -- no matter how silly or ludicrous it might seem -- in order to see a UFO and meet up with an alien. Trust me -- I know I say that a lot, but still, trust me -- if you do all that, the universe -- and more importantly the aliens -- will take note. Literally!

Look, there are something like 57,000 trained alien anthropologists, exo-biologists, and cruise directors coming to this ball of dirt looking for a good thesis project and/or a good time every day. Some idiot jumping into the air because he thinks that'll attract an alien spaceship? Well, wouldn't that make the perfect doctorial dissertation or an ideal stop on your sightseeing tour. And before you know it, there you are, the subject of study. Of course, with only 57,000 of these psuedo-professionals to go around, most folks will have to be satisfied with the knowledge that if you break into the flow of your day on a regular basis (i.e. 24 times a day), your mind will expand the activity to the point where it takes over your life and your mind; and all of a sudden, you'll be doing it nonstop. "Oh, we're looking for UFO's is that it?" your simian brain will finally realize after a week or two, and the next thing you know, you be doing this UFO watch thing 24/7, around the clock with no intermission. Apes, simians, and humans

are all good at this sort of inductive reasoning. Trust me, once that super-campus hypothyroid whatchamathingy at the base of your brain realizes what you're doing, it will take over and do the rest. 24/7 will become 24/7 -- nonstop and continually. Just like that. Your first clue that this is happening will be when you know, just know, that the alarm on your watch is about to go off, right before it does.

Dreaming the Dream

Oh, and even if you don't believe in UFOs, waking up five times a night (or eight you lazy bum get a job); whatever the exact count, no matter how long you sleep, getting up every hour on the hour is a sure way to mess with your sleep schedule. Look, just thinking about it, you can already figure out how hard it's going to be to do this 24/7. And in fact, most of the humans who read these words won't even both to try the program. They'll set their alarm for 3AM feel the pain of waking up suddenly in the middle of the night and decide seeing a UFO (like that's ever going to happen) isn't worth the effort. Fair enough, I know that's how it's going to pan out for most folks. But then, please be fair about it all and not be bad mouthing the system and saying it doesn't work until you've actually tried it for month.

I mean, give it a few days and you'll come to know the pain involved in waking up at 1AM, 2AM, 3AM, 4AM, and so on, dragging yourself to the front door, stepping outside, and jumping groggily into the air night after night for the rest of your life. Well, they've got a name for that particular brand of pain and it's called resistance to change. Remember that little tidbit of information every time that watch of yours beeps, whistles, or plays the theme song to some cheesy movie from the 70s, because when the alarm goes off, that's the moment you'll have to decide (over and over and over again) what's truly important to you: some asinine quest to see UFOs and go gallivanting around the universe with a bunch of out of work aliens who don't keep normal working hours, or another five minutes of sleep. If you choose the former and get up

(my soon to be sleep deprived friend), in no time at all you will be unable to tell day from night, dreams from normality, and a bird in an oak tree from a alien anthropologist doing a little field research.

You (my non-believing cynical close-minded friend of course) may, of course, ask, "Why would anyone do all of this since everyone already knows that UFOs are not real?" And believe it or not, I'm OK with you not believing in UFOs, because belief is not a precondition for playing this particular game. You see, if you do this long enough (a week, a month, a year), sooner or later you're going to have a UFO inspired super-dream (you know the kind, that Close Encounter of the Alien Coed Kind, down and dirty, up close and personal); and after you do, it's going to be pretty darn difficult to determine whether that experience was real or just a dream when it's over. And really, who cares? I mean, without getting graphic, let's just say that Close Encounter of the Alien Coed Kind is totally worth it: cruising around the cosmos with a trio of adventuresome alien chicks who borrowed their old man's reconditioned star cruiser for a late night joy right and who are willing to do... well, things you just don't talk about in a mass market publication my friends. We're talking probes here. We're talking cute angel-faced Seclon pre-med students playing doctor, practicing for their boards, and perfecting their mouth-to-mouth resuscitation techniques. Yowza! Egads! You'll be waking up in a cold sweat, a hot flash, all fluster and confused, and wondering for the rest of your life whether it was real, or whether it was just some uncanny full-surround-sound hyper-realistic dream... the type that ends with you being tucked back into bed (or dumped on the couch, by the front door, in a heap by the garbage cans, back at your desk at work, or wherever) right before they zap you with the sleep-ray forget-me-not thingy; and the next thing you know, you're waking up to the alarm on your digital watch, everything's a little blurry, and your not quite sure if it was real, or if it was Mem-RX.

Time to Gear Up

OK. You've gotten this far. I figure you must be sold on the program, so now's the time to put your money where your mouth is. Of course, that's just a figure of speech, so if you're a Grange, just take the roll of dollar bills out of your mouth and both of us will look the other way (once again, just a figure of speech) as we forget this bit of unpleasantness ever happened.

Bottom line, it's time to put up or shut up, time to shit or get off the pot, make hay while the sun is out, and/or catch two birds with a stitch in time.

But don't get all worried, confused, and anxious about the cost, because all you're going to need is a cheap plastic ball point pen, a scrap of paper, a red LED flashlight (to go with your watch -- you slave to style and fashion, you), and a cheap pair of binoculars. Not too bad really. The pen and the flashlight will cost you a $1.25 each, and although the binocs will cost you a few pennies more, they won't cost more than a video game, tennis racket, golf club, or a nice pair of jogging shoes, so in the scheme of things looking for UFOs is an pretty inexpensive hobby. If you want, you can flush the list out with a camera, but I don't recommend it. Where you're going, evidence is only going to get you into more trouble... and/or be held against you in a court of law -- Kanga, Roo, or otherwise.

Pencils are for Godless Heathen Commies.

What you've got to ask yourself is: Are You a Godless Heathen Commie? Or not?

If you are, you're reading the wrong book -- try Mao's Guide to Oppression & Delectable Rice Dishes instead.

For the all the rest of you who aren't Godless Heathen Commies (and I'm trusting you to be honest here), you're going to need a scrap of paper and one of those cheap retractable ball point pens that go Click-It, Click-It, Click-It. For the paper, you can use anything: an index card, a piece of writing paper folded up, or if you're anything like me, you can just use a candy wrapper -- once emptied of its savory contents. By the same token, you don't want

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to get anything too fancy for the pen. The US government spent like $3.4 trillion trying to develop a pen that would work in space. It's sounds like a lot of money -- probably because it is -- but to appreciate the cost, you have to understand the problem. First, the US government -- though made up of a bunch of idiots -- is, thankfully, not comprised of Godless Heathen Commies... or at least, not in my district it isn't! Because being corner cutters and not knowing how to spend taxpayer's dollars, those commies just used a pencil; but we're not commies, so we're not going to do that. Secondly, and perhaps far more importantly, most things -- radios, cheap LED watches, flashlights, digital cameras, human brains, legs, one's survival instinct, etc., but especially pens that cost $3.4 trillion dollars to develop -- don't work properly in close proximity to UFOs. Me, I'm guessing it's the faulty gauss-shielding (it goes bad pretty fast), but it could be the neuron-overdrive that some of your newer cruisers are running. I suppose it could be other things as well. It's not like I'm a UFO mechanic, so I've only snuck a peek "under the hood" on rare occasions. But really, whatever is causing the failure doesn't really matter. The import thing is that everything stops working around UFOs -- especially those cheap plastic ball point pens.

"So I'll just use a pencil," I can here Comrade Commie say as he tries to disguise his Godless Heathen ways as good old fashion American gumption and know how. Your tricks won't work on me Comrade Commie. Sure, you'll be able to keep on taking notes, writing things down, and spreading your malicious ideological lies, but will you notice the Klk'lt battle cruiser that has silently landed behind you?

OK. You'd probably notice a Klk'lt battle cruiser because they're not exactly silent. But how about a Sylph pleasure yacht? Or a Tyl'n research vessel? The answer to that is no. And that's why you need a cheap -- preferable plastic -- ball point pen. In the presence of UFOs, those cheap plastic suckers simply won't work.

And that's really where the Russians -- all smug with their stubby little pencils -- went wrong. Instead of spending their entire

space budget perfecting the ballpoint pen, those smarty pants Ruskies decided to use a pencil. Cost them like ten cents. Sounds brilliant, and you might consider doing the same, but don't. First of all, you don't want to be a Godless Heathen commie lover. I mean, if the Commies are doing it, then there must be something wrong with it, and that in itself should be argument enough for any decent law abiding American. But more importantly, we actually want our pens to stop working now and again.... especially when UFOs are flying about in the nearby vicinity.

You say, "It doesn't make any sense yet?"

Well, put yourself in the situation. There you are hunting UFOs, bored out of your skull, and doodling on your scrap of paper, and then -- Suddenly!!! -- your pen stops working!

Why?

Well sure, it could be because the stupid thing is jammed or is out of ink. Or -- and this is the far more likely explanation -- there IS a UFO in the vicinity.

It's so simple to remember, it's diabolically: like something those Godless Heathen Ruskies might come up with to brainwash our youth and overthrow American Society by making the brains of citizens weak and dull. But it's none of that, it's the Truth.

So sure, there a thousand reasons why your pen might stop working, but there is only reason why it did stop working, and that reason, my friend, is because there is a UFO in vicinity.

Now all you have to do is find it.

Good Penmanship: The Key to Spotting UFOs

Whenever your pen stops working -- whether you find the responsible UFO or not -- it is time to get a new pen. Some folks -- perhaps most of them -- will suffer through trying to get their pen to last another day, but not you. If your equipment lets you down just once, it's time to replace it. If a pen doesn't work, throw it in the garbage can, frame it and put it on the wall as part of your UFO trophy collection representing the one that got away, or whatever you want. But make no mistake about it, ditch that sucker pronto

because you WILL NEED A PEN THAT WORKS!

You're going to have to write notes... or at least, put little checkmarks on a scrap of paper. Here's what you do. Take that note card, piece of paper, candy wrapper (paper only please, Mylar or plastic simply won't work), or whatever and draw a bunch of lines and columns on it: 24 rows, one for each hour in the day, and 7 columns one for each _____ of the week? That's right, genius. One for each day of the week. That'll give you 168 little squares organized all nice and neat like. (And back off, I used a calculator, so back off, the math is spot on.) Anyway, when you do your 30-second stint looking in the sky, you just put a check in the appropriate box. Simple as pie. You can make it more complicated, keep a journal, fill out a questionnaire, keep tabs on the weather, cloud conditions, and so on and so forth, but filling in a little square is good enough. Just be honest about it. If you've missed a shift, leave the box blank. Then at the end of the week, you can look at the piece of paper and you'll have a record of how much effort you've actually put into spotting UFOs. In theory, you should see a patch of solid black with all the squares filled in. Of course, some of you lot were getting snagged on that blank space earlier in the paragraph, and quite frankly, I've got my doubts about your ability to follow simple instructions.

Whatever the case, whether you can follow simple instructions or not, that's what the pen and paper are all about... which is not to imply that either has anything to do with the infamous Hokey Pokey incident of '73.

Click-its versus Klk'lts

The checked baggage restrictions (not to mention the prices) on interstellar flights are -- in a word -- astronomically, so don't expect to have any. This means your carry on luggage -- your gear as it were -- needs to be general purpose. The tools that you carry about with you on a day to day basis have to work for everything, in every situation; that's why some folks traipse about the cosmos in bathrobes (the wardrobe for all occasions), seem obsessed about

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the functionality of beach towels (two yards of cloth being handy at times), extra long shoelaces (it's called rope), or those nifty-difty 1,000 in 1 pocket tools (which as billed, contain a thousand tools -- unfortunately never the one you want). Still, as cool as those multi-tool gadgets are, they will get you into nothing but trouble at spaceports; they make you look like a deviant Helcurian. And trust me, you don't want to look like a Helcurian. "What's with this?" the security guard will ask. "Expecting to repair the spaceship in midflight?" And then if they're a Helc, that's when they will sort of helpfully reply, "If it needs it?" Stupid annoying Herc. Of course, if your spaceship does breakdown, it is handy to have one of those know it all, can repair a Van Gruit drive with a paperclip and a ball of spit, Herc's around.

But for mere mortal like you and me who don't know the firt thing about rocket repair, it is best to simple leave the hi-tech gadgets at home. As to a bathrobe and a towel? Who needs it? We're looking for UFOs here. I mean, we're not taking a day trip to the spa. Besides, that pen of yours is more versatile than it might at first appear. It doubles as a breathing tube, a blow dart tube, or a measuring cup. Need a teaspoon of nutmeg for eggnog? Not a problem, that's about 2.5 capfuls, my friend.

OK. If I were honest about it (not that I see any reason why I should be honest in a book about UFO), I would have to admit that a pen probably isn't the best general purpose tool that there is. But if your life was in danger, and you'd forgotten to pack one of those 1,000 in 1 do-jobs, a pen might just be the best you could come up with. And so it might be useful to know you can saw logs with the clip, work leather with the pointy tip, and use that spirally thing inside -- a spring, I think they call it -- to replace the Terranson Device in your molecular generator (no need to wonder too hard where the original piece came from).

Yeah. OK. Fine. You've found me out. Except for that Terranson thing, I'm pretty much just BS-ing at this point. A Herc might be able to, but <u>you'd</u> never be able to a log with the clip. And worked leather hasn't been in fashion since the 60s, so why

bother? I mean the truth is, pen's are pretty much useless except to write with.

Except for the ones that go Click-it when you push the button on the top up and down. If you listen real close, you'll soon realize that's the sound of a Klk'lt's mating call. Now, I'm not recommending that you go hunt down a battle platoon full of horny Klk'lts to test this theory on (or even just spending your idle time clicking on a pen), but if you should every meet one of those Klk'lt monstrosities in person (two meter tall praying mantis looking chaps, short on conversation who always seem to be in a terrible hurry to eat your spleen), well if you do meet one, just start clicking your pen. Click-it! Click-it! It'll confuse them for a second or two, and if you're smart, you spend the extra few moments of your newfound life running away.

Actually, I don't know why Klk'lts have developed such a bad reputation. I'm told that they have well developed culture and a keen artistic sense. You know, like, how the Eskimos have something like forty different words for snow or something? Well, Klk'lts have over 2,457 words to differentiate between the different tastes, flavors, textures, and consistencies of a human spleen. 2,457 different words! You got to respect that kind of linguistically ability and attention to detail -- or at least, run away from it.

Anyhow, rumor is if you have a pocketful of pens, and you click this one and then that one, you can communicate with them, but I hear tell all they ever really say is, "I'm going to enjoy eating your spleen, human," so why bother? I say give the pen a few clicks and run for your life. When that doesn't work you can always use it as a sort of short stabbing weapon in hand to hand combat, but seeing as how Klk'lts got that whole carbon-fiber chitin, hard as steel exoskeleton thing going for them, along front claws the size of scimitars, I don't see how a puny little pen is going to do you much good.

OK. Look, forget this last section. I'm just going to revamp the list. The price of fusion grenades, plasma rifles, and atomic

weaponry has come way down in recent years, so I say the time to buy is now!

Red LED Flashlight

So what do you have so far? A watch, a piece of paper, and a pen that goes clickity-click. And that's it, unless, of course, you've got contacts in the CIDC and decided to get yourself one of those handy-dandy plasma rifles I've been recommending, or you're some kind of sicko Boy Scout do-gooder who already went shopping and completed the list I gave you a few section back. In which case, you're a brown-noser, but a well prepared brown-noser, because you already have a red LED flashlight.

But is it a digital one? Did you get one that will fit in your pocket? And that you can carry around with you at all times? You did? Well, isn't that special. I suppose if that's the case, then you already know the reason a red one is so important is so whenever you use it to find your way to the front door at 3 o'clock in the morning, the long red soothing wavelengths won't muck about with your night vision?

Oh? You knew that too? OK. I see how it's going to be Mr Smarty Pants. Well, did you know that Klk'lts can't see red?

Liar. You did not know that. There is no way you knew that, because I just made it up. Look, I am not even going to continuing talking to you if you're going to be like that.

But for those of you who AREN'T coping and attitude, I'll let you know that Klk'lts can't see into the infrared, ultraviolet, or any of those bordering wavelengths. If it's not in the visible spectrum, they can't see it... and even that they can't see too well. I mean, all they can really see is motion; which means that running away from them is often (usually, almost always) the worst thing in the world (and/or the entire galaxy) to do. Of course, standing still may require nerves of steel. And truthfully, if you've got the money, I'd recommend you buy yourself a can of those (nerves of steel), but I don't know where they sell them.

Anyhow, those are the two major reasons to go with a red

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LED flashlight as apposed to the more popular white or blue ones. First, they don't ruin your night sight. And secondly, whenever you light up, you're not announcing to every Klk'lt within twenty parsecs, "Yoowho! Here I am! Come and eat my spleen!"

Oh, and just in case I forget to mention it elsewhere, if your flashlight ever stops working -- however briefly, for whatever reason -- not only is it time to change the batteries, but a UFO is probably passing by. And what does that mean? It means it is time to run and jump -- or if you think it might be a passing Klk'lt troop ship, to duck and cover.

Binocs.

Trust me, there's a big difference between running into a Klk'lt war party and a Alteron slumber party. The one will take your spleen and leave you saying, "So this is how I die," while the other will steal your heart and leave you saying, "Now I can die."

Anyhow, seeing as how hard it is to outrun Klk'lt, what you need to be able to do is differential between a Klk'lt batter cruiser, a Alteron pleasure skim, and a weather balloon, while you still have time to take evasive action, comb your hair and pop in a breath mint, or get out your camera and take a few pictures.

And how do you make the determination about which course of action is appropriate?

By using binoculars.

OK. Let's start from scratch. You've got the matching red LED watch and flashlight, the pen and paper set, and you're get up every hour on the hour to go outside and stare into the night sky.

Why are you doing this, again? Why aren't you in bed sleeping like a normal terrestrial?

BECAUSE YOU WANT TO SEE A UFOs!!!

Come on, focus. Work with me here.

So you're outside, it's late at night, and you're prying your eyes away from you neighbor's window where his wife just happens to be undressing to into the sky for UFOs.

Do you see any?

No. Those are stars.

That's an airplane.

A comet.

One of those weather tracking satellites.

A passing meteor.

Look. Maybe the problem is that you just don't know what a UFO looks like?

I mean, maybe you do and maybe you don't, but taking into account your limited Earthling eyesight and the fact that your typical UFO cruises at an altitude of 30,000 miles, I'm guessing that at that range even you can't tell the difference between a 747, a Klk'lt troop carrier, and a Alteron pleasure skim. I mean, what do I know, maybe you can, but at even at 30,000 feet (let alone miles), one pair of flashing lights looks pretty much like the next pair of flashing lights to me.

And that's why you need a pair of cheap binoculars, a NORAD satellite tracking system, or a sub-space orbiting telescope. Now, you probably don't have any friends at NORAD... Look here, the folks at NORAD don't have friends at NORAD, so I'm pretty sure you don't. And if you don't know what a CIDC personal imager already looks like, you're not going to find out from me. And believe it or not, the next best thing is a pair of binoculars: a pair that is small, disposable, and that will either fit in your pocket or you don't mind wearing around your neck 24/7. Personally, I'd recommend those big, huge, honking field glasses with 1000x resolution, but they get to be a pain to lug around after a while. I mean, the resolution is like a thousand times better, but as is the case with pretty much anything that matters, size is critical to success, and in this particular case smaller is better. Lucky you.

In the end, a good rule of thumb is this: if all your UFO gear won't fit in your pockets, a specially designed vest you bought from me at a UFO convention, a backpack, or the trunk of your car, you probably have accumulated way too much gear... or you just need to buy a bigger vehicle. In the end, I'll let you decide that one. But for me, it all fits in my pockets... baby, and I've got

plenty of room to spare, if you know what I mean. Wink. Wink.

Binocs for Dummies

Heads up. Nothing personal, but this probably means you.

Look, I'm going to assume you've read the extensive 4,200 page instructional manual that comes with your better optical instruments and that you know not to use them as hammers, that dropping them from of height of more than .01 mm will cause irreversible damage, and that they contain substances know to the Hyper-cons of Kinetic IV to cause cancer, kidney failure, dizziness, and blurred vision.

Of course, if any of the above is news to you, you might just want to read that manual. You know what they say. Learn it. Live it. Love it.

Or if reading instructional manuals isn't really your style, you can always just wing it. I mean really, how hard can it be to look through a metal tube?

Anyhow, after you get the hang of the things (once again, read the manual), you'll probably be wondering how binoculars relate to UFOs. Well, as we were saying, at 5, 10, or 50,000 miles away, everything looks sort of blurry, indistinct, and obscure. Hopefully, the binoculars will fix that. So when you see a plane in the distance -- or really, what you are just assuming is a plane in the distance and not a Klk'lt raiding party -- what you'll need to do is check it out. Is it a UFO or not? I mean, you don't really know until you've taken a closer look at it through your binoculars.

So is that a meteor being obliterated by friction as it comes screaming down through the atmosphere? Or is that another one of our defensive satellites biting the dust? There is really only one way to find out. Take a gander at it through your binoculars.

Understand? Just to be sure, let's try that exercise again. So is that a star twinkling peacefully away in the night sky? Or is it a pulse bomb sent by the nefarious Tralcons, counting its way down to zero, and only seconds away from exploding? I'm thinking you

might want to assume the worse. Sure, you'd be wrong most of the time, but that one time your right will more than make up for the rest.

And then, after all this talk of Tralcons, Klk'lts, and Brain Scavengers (the less said about them the better), just so you don't get the wrong idea about the universe being this horribly dangerous place where you can die really, really fast, for no rational reason, the next time your outside, try looking into the night sky and asking yourself, is that an old fashioned, pathetically archaic aeroplane cruising across the sky? Or is that a super hi-tech space ship from Baby-Lan' XXX full of bodacious babes? Me, I say be a voyeur, use those 10,000-3X binoculars that you bought for yourself (despite my repeated warnings to keep it simple), check that bad boy -- or girl -- out. I guess what I'm saying is, at two in the morning the bars let out, and you'd be surprised what the night sky holds. I mean, why exactly are you doing this again? It's not to see some stupid flying pieces of metal crafted by some rhinoceros headed freak? Or at least, I hope its not.

Or you know, whatever, to each their own. You can have that rhino freak and I'll cozy up to his buxom companion.

"Hey there, I'm an Earthman. What's a crazy Baby-Lan' like you doing in a backwater swamp like this?"

And the rest, as they say, is history... unless, of course, you find yourself in a temporal loop.

How's That?

Now, before I walk you through a typical week (or at least, a typical week in my life -- and here I have to add that individual results may vary), we should step back for a moment and explore why -- or if you prefer, how -- this whole UFO spotting system of mine works.

If you're a logical sort of person, you'll realize that there are two distinct possibilities concerning the reality in which we inhabit. OK. If you want to get technical about it and use rigorous D'wardian Wave Mechanical Probability there are no less (but

perhaps more than) 37 different and distinct possibilities. But from a boring old human-centric point of view, there are just the two main probabilistic actualities.

The first possibility is that UFOs exist. If this is the case, then it should come as no surprise why a UFO spotting system works. All you're really doing is opening your eyes to the world around you -- and if I do say so myself, it's about time.

The second possibility -- which is fairly unlikely considering all the evidence to the contrary -- is that UFOs do NOT exist. If this is the case -- which, once again, just isn't so -- the question becomes, how does one see UFOs then? Huh? What then? I mean, come on. How can a system designed to see UFOs possibly work if UFOs don't exist?

So, those are the two possibilities. Obviously, if UFOs are real, things are pretty simple, you just look for them (in the right places and the right way), and you're sure to find them. But if UFOs aren't real, you can bet that finding those elusive green men will be a mite bit more difficult, will require a little extra effort, and is exactly why I'll need a moment of your time once an hour on the hour.

You see, turning your gaze towards the stars for 30-seconds once an hour on the hour is a lot like setting aside a large portion of your free time to pray, meditate, and/or play an elaborate game of Make Believe... and basically humans are stupid: if they do anything long enough, they think there is a reason for it and will concoct all manner of lies, delusions, and self-deceptions to justify the wasted effort.

Look, the human brain is like 99% sea water, right? I'll say it again just to make sure it sinks in. The human brain is composed of SEA WATER! This is the primordial basis of the human brain. There's not a lot to it. Start overloading that delicate system by cramming some nonsense about UFOs into its already strained and highly limited capacities and you're sure to bounce the saline balance out of whack, muck up the PH levels, and throw the poly-peptide triglyceride diurnal hormonal anti-oxidant system in a tail

spin. Strange things happen when your diurnal-thingy system nose dives. You start to doubt yourself, your preconceived notions of reality, and the fact that maybe you don't have a properly working poly-triglyceride recombinant messenger DNA failsafe in place. When that happens, you start seeing things that aren't really there... and getting cease and desist calls from the CIDC and other government agencies which do not, in fact exist -- never has and never will.

If that's not clear, let me put it to you this way. How many folks do you know who are crazy? I mean, just take a guess. What percent of the population do you think are total nut cases? And then go back to second grade. How many wackos did you know in second grade? Probably not many. Now think about that. Something happened between second grade and now that made X% of them loose it. I suppose you could reason that the universe is a harsh place, and these things happen. Or you could be proactive about the entire thing, look for the real answer, and go back to the moment it all happened -- where else, but -- in second grade and revisit that critical juncture in all of our lives when the line was drawn between (and no, not between the girls and the boys), but the line between those who could (and therefore would) have the honor of conversing with aliens from across the galaxy and those who would not. In short, the wheat was separated from the chaff, and if you haven't seen an alien lately, you don't really have to guess which pile you ended up in?

But look on the bright side: those brain erase scanners do-jobber-things only work so well, and they really were never designed to work on sea water. So, if you're willing to expend the effort and think hard enough on it, you'll probably be able to remember the exact moment they put the block on your mind and break on through.

But before we go down that particular path any further, perhaps now would be an ideal moment for you to look around and see if you spot any aliens, UFOs, or CIDC field agents. While you are at it, you might want to note if you see any of those rich coeds

from the Barbarosa system hanging around, looking for a good time. If you do, why not say hello? I mean, it couldn't hurt...

The Great Herring Debate

Obviously before you can see a UFO, you have to know what one looks like. Now, I could describe a few to you -- the cones, the cylinders, and the classic saucers -- but there's really no point, because you have already seen plenty of flying saucers. Trust me on this, everybody has, even you.

Don't believe me?

Well, remember back in 2nd grade when they gave you that hearing exam? Well, it wasn't really a hearing exam. OK, technically it was a hearing exam, but instead of listening to some pings and pongs emanating from some recording device like they told you, what they really had you listening for was this grizzled old Anthurium sitting in a dark cave close to the Galaxy's Core. Don't ask me about that. I guess, grizzled old Anthuriums like dark caves, OK? And since they do live by the Galaxy's Core, it does make a little sense. Of course, the real bit of subterfuge in all this is that we're not talking about our galaxy's core, the one that's like 100,000-lightyears away, but THE Galaxy's Core, which is pretty much on the other side of everything, i.e. THE Universe, and pretty much anything else you care to imagine. What I'm saying is, that Anthurium was a long way away.

And if you could hear that croaky old bastard whispering into your ear from that distance -- and trust me, just because he was like a hundred-million-billion-trillion light years away don't think he was raising his voice any -- anyhow, if you could hear something that far off, it only stands to reason that the powers would figure that you were something special and ship you off to the Diplomatic Corps and/or the CIDC for assimilation. Which is all a long winded way of saying that if you don't remember being shipped off to a CI-DC summer camp for training when you were eight or nine, well then, my friend, you flunked that there hearing test, and they wiped the memory of that day, the UFO which landed in the

playing field, and everything else peculiar about that "hearing exam" from your mind.

But there is a bright side. Like everything else these days, those memory wipes aren't as good as they used to be; and if you try real hard, you can probably remember everything -- including the Anthurium, what he was trying to say (i.e., "If you know what's good for you, you'll pretend you can't hear me"), and most importantly (and if you'll remember, what started this entire side trail in the first place) what an honest to goodness UFO full of prissy Diplomatic Corps personnel looks like.

So basically, you don't need me to tell you what a UFO looks like, you already know. And if you don't, you aren't going to see one anyhow, because the mind block they gave you in 2nd grade is still locked firmly in place.

To Heed the Call or Not?
That, my dear friends, is the Question.

I don't know about you, but for me that day in second grade was the same as any other. Brian and me were playing a game of tag during morning recess just like we always did. And yeah, it was just the two of us, but we need not get into that. Anyway, I was it, and that's when we saw the UFO. Only it wasn't really a UFO, not technically, because we both knew damn well what it was: it was Anthurium Diplomatic Scout Vessel, one of those snazzy ones with the flashing lights, iridescent hull, mirrored windows, chrome rotating hubcaps, and all the rest. I mean, it was a real hot ticket as far as spaceships go... and both of us knew it.

Now, I would have said normally conceded that Brian was the smarter of us, but he certainly wasn't on that day. He's all, "Will you look at that? Wow!" and all that kind of crap. And I mean, like out loud. So, the whole world, scratch that, the whole universe, could hear him. He even went so far as to make eye contact with the visiting Arthurian dignitary when the little fellow made his appearance and walked down the gangplank. If you think on it, you can probably remember seeing a similar event from your

youth: a short, baby elephant looking guy visiting your own school. Now, some of your Anthuriums like to play it up for the kids and come down the slide like a clown or make a big entrance in some other way, but the one at our school was pretty dignified about the entire thing.

Anyhow, all this time Brian is continuing with his, "Wow! Hot damn! Did you see that?" routine, and I'm all, "What? You talking about Kevin on the slides? He's always eating his boogers. The guy's gross."

I don't have to draw it out. I think you get the picture. When they led Brian away into the "quiet" room with headphones, he probably went, "Cool! Another Anthurium! From where did you say?" And of course, I never saw Brian again. He probably got sucked up in all that DC madness. I mean, Gra'gl only knows what catastrophic intergalactic tragedy they pinned on him. Poor sucker.

The point is, I'd like to say that I played it all smart from there. I mean, that idiot Anthurium sitting in his cave down at the Galactic Core was going on about traveling the cosmos, seeing this, and doing that, but the entire time I wore those headphones, all I did was stare out the window, focused on Kevin and his boogers, and wondering how they tasted. Oh, I raised my right hand when I heard a ping, and my left when I heard a pong. But I got sick of that game pretty darn fast, and when I brought my own finger up to my nose pretending to go for a booger, they kicked me out of that room like lickety-split. As you can imagine, those Anthuriums are a bit sensitive about the size of their proboscises -- be they small or large -- and he thought I was subconsciously making fun of him.

Maybe I was, but he wasn't quick enough to get it. Still, it didn't matter, I slipped up the very next day. You see, I asked about Brian -- despite the mind block. I blame the game of tag we'd been playing. I was still it, right. So, I had been looking forward to slapping him upside the head first in thing morning, while informing him that he was it now. But he never showed, so I

asked the teacher. Well, seeing as how the mind swipe that they had given everybody was supposed to have deleted all remembrance of Brian from my consciousness, the mistake sort of marked me.

And from there it was downhill. By the time I was 25, I was being forced to do freelance work for the CIDC. Which you know, might sound sort of cool at first, but after a year or two, you come to realize that the only difference between being a freelance operative and a regular operative is the size of your paycheck. Freelancers don't get squat, and as to a pension, whenever I mentioned retirement to the folks down in personnel, they just laughed at me.

"Pension? Pension? You ain't getting no stinking pension!"

Retiring from the CIDC?
You don't retire from the CIDC son, they retire you.
Now pick up that toothpick and go kick some Klk'lt butt!

Before I move on, I feel compelled to warn you not to take any offers of employment from the CIDC very serious. Oh, take the CIDC serious by all means. They get downright snippy when you ignore them, but as to employment: it's not going to happen.

But don't believe me.

Shoot for the stars.

Believe that you're different.

What do I care?

Still, it wouldn't be much of an advice book if I didn't give advice, so here I go all the same. Now I know right now you don't believe in the CIDC too much. You might be trying to keep an open mind about them, but you probably have your doubts. But then you'll see a UFO a time or two. And then, you'll find yourself at the cleanup sites (and yes, this will happen), and when it does, it is inevitable that the CIDC will offer you a job, because they are always short on personnel -- probably something having to do with Klk'lts and toothpicks. Anyhow, take the job it you want.

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Hell, it's the best way there is to avoid being drafted by the Diplomatic Corps -- and you don't want to work for that bunch of panty waists. But don't be foolish enough to expect the CIDC to actually pay you for services rendered? That's another story altogether. It's just not going to happen.

You see the thing is, the CIDC doesn't exist. I mean, not in the sense that it's a top secret government agency designed to protect the unwary citizens of the planet Earth from the rest of the universe, because in that sense the CIDC is real. Rather, in the sense that the CIDC has a personnel department that actually cuts paychecks -- that's like in the world of make-believe. You really got to be out of touch to believe that one.

Let me put it this way. Look closely at the government's budget -- go ahead, do it. Comb through that sucker line by line, and you'll see that the total appropriation for the CIDC comes to a staggering $0.00. Kind of mind boggling, but it's true. So, even if they wanted to cut you a check, that sucker would just bounce. But they don't want to cut you a check, they'd prefer to use that memory wipe doohickey-thing on you after every mission. I mean, those memory wipe doohickey-things cost a lot of money, and the powers that be figure the more they use it the cheaper it gets per use, so sooner or later it'll be, you know, like free. But it shouldn't take you more than a couple of hours -- or minutes if your mind block needs refreshing -- to figure out the faulty logic in that line of reasoning. So, maybe I don't have the inside scoop on that one.

Which stands to reason, because the number I have for the CIDC doesn't work, and it's not like they're listed in the yellow pages or anything.

Anyway, I sort of figured that if I stopped bothering them about a pension (the one they were never going to make good on anyhow), maybe they would stop trying to fry my brain and turn my neurons to goo.

So far, it hasn't worked, but I'm still keeping my fingers crossed.

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24/7 - A Day in the Life

By working the program outlined in The UFO attractors Handbook, you'll do more by 3AM than most CIDC operatives do all day... or all month for that matter -- they're a lazy lot, them CIDC regulars.

1 AM: Beep-Beep! Your alarm goes off. Think, Didn't I just get into bed? Turn off the alarm, get out of bed, trudge outside, and jump half-heartedly into the air without once opening your eyes. Stumble back inside, collapse on the couch, and fall to sleep -- instantly!

2 AM: Beep-Beep! For the love of Gra'gl's Father! Has it already been an hour? Drag yourself off the couch, open the door, give a quick look around, and return to couch.

2:45 AM: Find yourself awakened by a pair of hot and horny visiting Anthurium dignitaries and/or their wives. Who would have ever thought that baby elephant creature thingies could look so hot? Oh, and the things they can do with their trunks: it's almost like they can read your mind.

3:00 AM: Beep-Beep! Your alarm goes off. Was that real? No buddy. Sadly, that's what they call a dream. But look on the bright side, it's the kind of dream you'll take to your grave and remember for the rest of your life. So with a newfound spring in your step, bounce off the couch, fling open the door, and scan the sky -- real good like. Maybe even take the time to look at a passing light or two through your binoculars. When your weary-eyed neighbor turns on his kitchen light to grab a glass of water and notices you standing outside in your in nothing but your holey underwear, give him a thumbs up, and take a giant leap towards the stars. That's one small leap for mankind, one giant leap for you -- you hot Anthurium conquering stud you. Who knows, maybe their traction beam will malfunction... but probably it won't.

3:15 AM: you could sleep, but you're still too hyped from your third encounter of the two hot-baby-elephant kind. So

instead, kick your feet up and turn on the tube. Maybe you'll find something interesting on the TV... maybe you'll see yourself on the news.

4:00 AM: Beep-Beep! Your alarm goes off during the middle of an intense wrestling match. A skinny man in a Klk'lt suit is giving a pair of middle aged men in sagging CIDC battle gear (in this case wrestling trunks) a run for their money. Seeing as how this bout has critical implications for the future of mankind and those two CIDC agents in particular, you decide to hit the "snooze" button so you can see who wins, but your alarm is insistent and quickly wins out. Brush your belly clean of the accumulated pile of snack food debris and stand up. Perhaps you moved a little to fast. Notice that the world is spinning a little. You really haven't been getting enough sleep lately, have you? As you walk by the kitchen window, notice that your neighbor is talking to the police again -- no doubt about you. Go to back of house, open window, stick your head outside, and give the sky a token looksy. Remember that the CIDC agents didn't seem to be winning the wrestling match, so pull your head back inside -- just to be on the safe side -- but hit your head on the sill as you do. Say an Anthurium curse and/or trumpet like an angry elephant. Then stub your toe on the way to bed, just for good measure. Despite your growing annoyance, fall to sleep very quickly.

4:05 AM: Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong. It doesn't sound like your alarm. Check your watch just to make sure. Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong! No, it's definitely not your alarm. Someone is ringing your doorbell, while some else is knocking at your backdoor. To complete the scene, your head is ringing, your mind is racing, and dark suited men dart across your lawn, hide in the shadows, and shine flashlights into every room of your house. You try to move, but you cannot. They've hit you with a paralyzation ray. You won't remember much of this come morning: the interview, the cross examination, the derogatory comments about your personal hygiene habits, the cleanliness of your abode, and the quality of your snack foods. After getting

bored with placing your body in different "funny" and "amusing" positions, and once it is clear that you actually enjoy the probes -- you sick frack, you -- the CIDC operatives decide to leave. "Aliens aren't real and neither is the CIDC," they say -- or might have said. Seeing as your mind is slowly turning to mush, it's hard to remember the exact details, but the last words they say will haunt you forever, "Oh, and you need more corn chips. We ate them all." AHH! The horror! The horror! Wait, no! The sublime joy. Is this not the definitive proof of the existence of UFOs and the CIDC that you have been waiting for. You don't have any corn chips left! And, why? Because the CIDC ate them all!!!

4:45 AM: When the mind fuzz wears off, calling the new stations and alerting them of this late breaking story doesn't seem as compelling. No one is going to believe the CIDC ate your corn chips -- there really more of a fresh fruit bunch. More importantly, you realize that the CIDC has finally caught on to you and your UFO spotting ways. No matter that the CIDC doesn't exist, they won't honor their pension obligations, and adamantly refuse to use any item of technology invented after 1953, they have been in your house. They probably left a bug, a virus, or a Burk-17 "watchdog" to keep tabs on you. But the virus or bug theory seems most likely. You maybe feel like you're coming down with a cold. Rip your house apart looking for that infernal disease, virus... I mean, bug. Hopefully, the effects of the mind block will wear off soon.

5:00 AM: Beep-Beep! Just as your alarm goes off, you find that nefarious bug in the bottom of your cup of coffee. Shaking with excitement, you suddenly realize that this is the moment of truth. Are you going to be a seeker of UFOs? Or are you going to cower and let the CIDC turn you into one of the brainwashed masses? And trust me, once the CIDC has you in their sights, they never let go, so it's best to go for the gold and resolve that this is the day you're finally going to hitch a ride to Septicom IV -- or one of the many other glamorous locations that you've read about in The UFO Attractors Handbook. Bleary eyed, it is time to walk outside, stand tall, and wave at the UFO hovering overhead. Um,

maybe that wasn't such a good idea. Dodging the traction beam, you run back inside. I mean, as fun as a joyride sounds, you don't have time for that right now. If today is going to the day when you finally travel to the stars, you're going to have to hunker down and get cracking. You haven't got a moment to loose!

6:00 AM: Beep-Beep! Reflexively, turn off the alarm as you continue to make breakfast. Take a moment to consider the pancakes you're frying up. They look sort of like flying saucers, don't they. Take one, and throw it across the room. Watch it splat against the wall before making a mental note to do this before you pour syrup on it next time. Feel free to not that this means you already know there will be a next time. Smile. Jump giddily into the air. And then, talk nonsense into the coffee mug containing the CIDC bug for the next 25 minutes before getting dressed.

7:00 AM: Beep-Beep! Sway back and forth as you walk out the front door. Look at your car. You haven't slept in how many days? Look, I'm your friend, so I'm only saying this because I care. But you really shouldn't be driving a car, operating heavy equipment, or doing anything that requires attention in your (sleep deprived) condition. Listening to your inner voice (implanted there courtesy of the Diplomatic Corps, the bastards!) decide taking the bus to work makes more sense. Besides, that's where the real intergalactic freaks usually hang out -- well, that and the subway. Jump and skip (when you're not busy tripping and stumbling) as you walk down the road to the bus stop.

8:00 AM: Beep-Beep! You're going to be late for work -- again! But who cares? You've encountered a rare group of Sentient Stumble Bums in the park. Ingeniously, they have disguised their rocket ship as a shopping cart full of empty plastic bottles. Doing a bit of homework for the Anthropology class you're auditing at Galatic U, take incomprehensible notes in a secret short hand known only to you for a full half hour (whatever that means). When one of the Sentient Stumble Bums approaches, ask them if they have any Stimple Fruits. Tell them that you've heard that they're real tasty (from me if no one else). When the

Stumble Bum plays coy and pretends not to understand what you are talking about or takes offense at you're your request, decide that a tactical retreat would be for the best and run away.

9:00 AM: Beep-Beep! Your timing it getting better. You almost made it to work on time, but your watch alarm went off just as you were entering the rocket hiding skyscraper in which you work. But it's just as well, the building next door looks like its in final countdown before lift off. Stand there in the middle of the doorway, trying to decide whether -- given the option -- you'd rather go to Betelgoose 12 for the day or to work. Take too long day dreaming about the succulent fau grau they are rumored to serve there and loose your chance; the ship has already departed without you. All the same, it's a beautiful day, so give a little jump into the air, drop your briefcase, and avoid the disparaging look of the security guards. You're slowing down the line again. Damn rookies!

10:00 AM: Beep-Beep! Give a little jump in the air as you get off the elevator, who knows where it really goes. Could be anywhere seeing as how long it took you to ride it to the 37th floor. Still, smile at the awaiting receptionist. After all, she's probably the only reason you still have a job. "What's the news in Command Central?" you ask. "You've got a meeting at 11:00 in the conference room with the Big Guy himself," she replies. Eleven o'clock, you muse to yourself. It's only ten, that gives you a full hour to chat it up around the water cooler...

11:00 AM: Beep-Beep! You don't need your alarm to remind you that the boss is probably an alien. As he begins the meeting, look him over for telltale signs of alienhood -- green molted skin, antennas, and yellow alien eyes. It's odd, but at this moment, while you're looking over your boss, your first meeting with Tyler flashes through your mind. It's really all the stranger since your boss isn't such a fan of cornflower blue and Tyler Durden isn't a CIDC agent, but there it is. Congratulations, your mind is officially toast. With any luck the Big Boy will fire you on the spot for incompetence and you'll be able to transform that

unfortunate occurrence into a lifetime of unemployment -- compensation angel here I come. Unfortunately, no such luck. He goes on about how he'd like to fire you, but he can't. "Damn CIDC red tape," and all that.

11:15 AM: no sense thumbing it in his face... or then again, what the hell. Give boss a giant raspberry and then click your heels together on the way out. Ask Suzy -- the receptionist -- if she wants to go for lunch. Don't worry if you don't have any money, there's not a snowballs chance in Hepticon V that she's going to take you up on the offer.

12:00 Noon (the lunching hour): Beep-Beep! Might as well hit the park downtown -- you know the one, the one where all the freaks, weirdoes, and skateboarder hang out. Find the craziest food vender you can find. Listen to his advice. Heed his warnings. Tip him generously. But for Gra'gl's sake don't eat that, that, that... whatever the heck he's handing you. It's definitely not food.

1:00 PM: Beep-Beep! It's time to look for UFOs again. I think you know the drill. Give a little jump. Give a little shuffle. If you feel like it, get into a Who Can Be the Craziest contest with a passing Stumble Bum. Of course, if you do that, it will quickly devolve into a contest to see who can jump the highest... or as is the case with a Stumble Bum, make the world stoop the lowest. Unless you're a bit of a Stumbler yourself, be prepared to loose -- graciously.

1:45 PM: on a whim, decided to turn over a new leaf. Sit down at your desk and get cracking. But then -- Wow! You still have a desk! Savor the thrill of it all. This state of affairs can't possibly be expected to continue.

2:00 PM: Beep-Beep! Walk over to the large plate glass window in the common area of the office. Give a jump. Go on, like you mean it. Gaze into the distance and try to remember if this is the way everything looked yesterday, or was that gray one a few blocks over to the left yesterday. Wonder aloud about the migrating (or if you are adventurous mating) habits of skyscrapers

2:30 PM: it's been a half hour, and since your coworkers are beginning to stare and wonder, now might be a good time to walk away from the window.

3:00 PM: Beep-Beep! On the way back to your office, chat Suzy up. No luck? Well fair enough, Chat Wendy up. Linda? Kathy? If you still find yourself in a pinch, chat Chester up. Maybe he's a go-er. You never know.

4:00 PM: Beep-Beep! Time to call it a day. Head on down to the garage and try to figure out which one of these vehicles is a really a robot in disguise. Oddly, it's usually the junkers... or the super hi-tech looking sport cars. If you can, try to get a ride home from Suzy, but let's face it, she probably takes the subway. Oh, and I should warn you, if you try that jumping thing down here, you're likely to get slammed into the ceiling if a traction beam locks on, so watch your head. Those concrete beams hurt.

4:45 PM: You didn't heed my advice about jumping did you and you hit your head on one of those concrete beams? Oh come now, take some responsibility. Don't give me that crap about how I didn't warn you about them until the end of the entry at 4:02 when you'd already jumped. No sense casting about looking for blame. Pull yourself together man. Time to get up and dust yourself off. As you do, you might want to reorient yourself. You're in a parking garage. No. I don't know why you came down here. It's not like you drove to work and as we both know, Suzy doesn't have a car. So, you might as well take the stairs back up to the surface.

5:00 PM: Beep-Beep! Breathe in that fresh air. Watch as the Quazatronics building takes to the stars, and give a little jump in celebration. Hey! You're flying. Oh, hot damn! Oh, wait! You got a hot date tonight with Catherine, don't you? Scream! Cry out for help. And then, when the tractor beam releases you, try to look sane as everyone else on the street pauses what they are doing to stare at you with compassion, concern, and a heady desire to put as much distance between themselves you as they possibly can.

5:30 PM: Walk madly across town to get to the restaurant on

time. Once you're tired, exhausted, and have worked up a good sweat, realize you're going to be late. There is nothing to do but grab a cab. Once you've sat down, realize you're not traveling any faster than if you got out and walked. It's not the fault of the Splerzarian behind the wheel's, so tip him generously. Tell him, "Thank you. But, no. Really, any other time, and I'd love to check out the marshes of Calderdite, but I'm already late for a hot date." When you step out of the cab, discover that you have arrived in front of that hot new restaurant Chez Expensive: It's a Place for Dates.

6:00 PM: Beep-Beep! Catherine is waiting for you. She thinks the reason you're jumping into the air is because you're excited that she -- or any girl -- actually showed up for your date. It might be best to let her believe what she wants. Besides, it's way to early in the relationship to explain to her that you're just following a time tested method for seeing UFOs that you read about in the best selling book The UFO Attractor's Handbook. For now, it's probably better to simply order a drink. Of course, a guy with your predisposition for mental instability might want to stick with water or orange juice.

6:05 PM: Learn that Catherine is a Vegan. Oh, joy! Forget everything I said about waiting until desert until you mention UFOs. Start asking her random questions about Vegan mind control techniques, and the wonders to be found in the Viva Las Vegas Quadrant of the Gamula Cluster. To your surprise, discover that when she uses the word "Vegan," she isn't referring to a race of alien beings known for their ability to can-can dance but to the fact that she doesn't eat meat. Try not to sulk. Ask her if she has ever thought about can-can dancing. Tell her you think the tips would be good. When she doesn't bite, tell her you'd give her a dollar right now for a table dance. Continue this line of witty banter as long as possible.

6:07 PM: two minutes later, dodge incoming glass of water. She's a feisty one, this Vegan. Might as well give her an appreciative whistle as she walks away. When she's across the

restaurant and by the doors, try not to yell after her, “I guess this means we won’t be going for a ride in your spaceship later!” Obviously, fail in the attempt.

6:09 PM: Wow, 6:09! This date lasted much longer than usual. Call waiter over and order steaks for two. Assure him, “She’ll be coming back. Vegans always do.” And then thinking better of it, smile at girl sitting at the next table, while you add, “Or maybe I’ll be able to convince someone else to join me.” Ignore her date. A guy that big couldn’t possibly fit in a spaceship... or move that fast. Contentedly sip on your orange juice...

6:10 PM: realize you were wrong about how fast that guy could move, obviously he’s a Rhid’orn wearing a fractal suit. After you’ve exiting the restaurant and been advised to never return, catch a train headed for home.

7:00 PM: Beep-Beep! Try to time your jump just right so you’re in the air when the coming to a stop. Notice that the only other ones doing this are midgets from the Scholastic System. Shrug. At your age, there are worse things than not acting your age -- like acting your age. Spend the next hour trying to figure out the hidden meaning in that.

8:00 PM: Beep-Beep! Let’s face it, if last night was any indication of things to come, you don’t have much sleep in your future. So, there is no need to hurry home. You might as well take a detour. Having made the decision, head off towards the airport by your house -- you know, the one that the rich executives, hobbyists, and alien visitors use. Try to get as close to the landing strip as you can; right in front of the flight path is best. Sometimes you can get so close, it almost seems like you can touch their wheels as the plane fly by. I bet if you really tried, you could. So, whenever a plane passes by, jump as high as you can. As the night progresses, notice how much further you’re getting of the ground.

9:00 PM: Beep-Beep! Show interested security guard your ID. NO! Not the CIDC ID - Super Top Secret Clearance badge you made with Photoshop last night. He’ll only pretend he doesn’t recognize the logo and arrest you for being sloppy and spilling

government secrets. Instead, show him the government issue ID card that they give all the plebes -- i.e. your driver's license. As he calls in your name, be sure to wave at any passing planes, UFOs, or airships that go by.

9:15 PM: since what you're doing isn't technically against the law (only suspicious and against "regs"), the security guard gets into his car and pretends to drive away, but both of you know he's just around the corner.

9:30 PM: Wait! Do you hear that? That whine? That's no jet engine. Nor is it a prop job. It's a Van de Griut Drive. OK. It's out of tune, and the shielding is falling apart, but I'd recognize that whine anywhere. When it heads for the stars, get a running start, and latch on...

--THE INTERVENING TIME PERIOD HAD BEEN DELETED FROM REALITY FOR REASONS OF PLANETARY SECURITY--

10:31 PM: fall to the grass. Well, how were you supposed to know Catherine was the Rhid'orn's date's sister. It's a small universe after all. But the least they could have done was drop you off at home. It's not easy walking around one of those "probes," you know.

11 PM: Beep-Beep! You've finally made it home, and it's almost time to call it a night. If you'd like, flip on the news, and try to figure out the truth behind the headlines. What are the Klk'lts up to now? Hey, there's Catherine. I guess her dreams of becoming a major TV personality finally came true... too bad things didn't work out between you two. But look on the bright side, if you're lucky, you'll dream about her again tonight.

12 PM: Beep-Beep! It's been a long hard day of UFO watching. Just one last trip out the door to wave at your neighbor, and gaze into the skies. Notice the Rhid'orn's ship is hovering about. Probably best if the Big Guy doesn't know where you live. Duck back inside and hop into bed.

12:05 PM: Fall fast asleep. Enjoy the next 55 minutes of your life. Finally realize that this is the high point of your UFO

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hunting career: the time when you're asleep -- whether you're in bed or not!

Couple of Points

From the preceding rundown of a typical day in the life, I hope two points stand out.

First, that hunting UFO is a 24 hour a day, seven day a week endeavor, which needs to encompass every aspect of your existence if you wish to be successful.

And second, that all of your senses need to be involved. Looking for UFOs is not enough. The cloaks that they are using these days (visual, fractal, psionic, and imaginal) are very advanced. And if all you do is rely on your eyes, you may be fooled. But as we've been over, Klk'lts are named after the sound they make. And when Flushers say they don't smell, the only ones they are fooling are themselves. Perhaps more importantly, Vegans are rumored to be quite tasty (pleasing on the lips and all -- not that I would know), and my blood sure does boil whenever one of those chicks from Hepticon V are in the area. So, how many senses is that? Five? And how many senses do you have total? Seven? Eight? Nine?

Well, however many it is, you'll need to develop the rest of them and stop being so lazy.

The Beginning of the End

And that's where I'm going to end it. I could go on, but it would probably just seem like chaotic, disorganized ranting.

Besides, it's not for me to teach you how to turn on your sense of charm, spin more effectively, or take your sense of the weird and the bizarre to whole new levels. That's got to be by you and you alone. It's something you've got to figure out on your own.

Oh, I could tell you that you'd be better off reading less, turning off the TV, and turning the dial on your radio all the way

until you hit static on the end (which is to say the scrambled communications from beyond), but would you listen? Probably not.

And really either way, what do I care? It's your life, so do as you like. I mean, I won't even bother to tell you that every aspect of this media saturated existence, which we call our lives, is encased in an endless series of lies; because if I did, I would have to include The UFO Attractor's Handbook in that great big hulking pile of lies. And well, if there's one thing I'm categorically against, it's anyone casting aspersions on the veracity of my ideas -- crazy as they may be.

So, besides ranting like I promised I wouldn't, what does all of the foregoing mean? Other than the obvious, which is that I'm chronically short on sleep and even now the pages are getting that surreal bubbly-crinkly look that is a dead giveaway for a space shifting matter transporter phasing something in, shifting something out, or just flying on by.

Well, it means the world is an illusion, an illusion created by a mindless government bureaucracy on behalf a race of tri-dimensional Anthuriums who live at the Galactic Core and who, apparently, have nothing better to do with their time than muck about with your sense of reality. Or if you don't like that explanation, let's try another. Maybe after he made it all, God took a day off and went fishing or something when he should have been working out all the bugs and glitches that invariable find their way into any new Creation. Or if that sounds a bit blasphemous (because it is), maybe it would be best to consider that it is possible that this was part of his original goal: to make our perception of the world is imperfect, so each of us could experience it as we desired. And if you'd like, you could even call that freewill: the freedom to will into existence whatever you desire.

This is Truth... or at least, it is the Truth if you want it to be.

So I say, embrace it.

Realize that this means, you -- and you alone -- may decide what constitutes reality.

For in truth, there is no external reality, no formula for finding it, just a few fuzzy ideas, that if stared at long enough, will rearrange themselves into a cohesive whole. And believe it or not, that mystery is sometimes easier to work out, sometimes easier to experience in glorious 3-D super surround sound when you are standing outside in your skivvies at three o'clock in the morning staring at the night sky. Late at night, it truly is amazing what you can see, and if you open you mind, where you can go.

But when it is over, will it have been real?

Will the experience have been external to the self, objective, and real?

Or is it just a delusion?

Who am I to say?

All I know is that I've been working freelance for the CIDC for years, and although the hours suck, the pay is basically nonexistence and you have to deal with a spleen eating Klk'lts left and right, every once in a while you hook up with a babe from the Andromidon System. And well, those Andromidon Babes know how to thank a man in uniform, and it sort of makes up for the rest of it. I mean when you get right down to it, those Andromidon Babes are like a dream come true; they are literally like a dream come true.

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Also please note, this is only the First Edition of the UFO Attractors Handbook. There are Second & Third Editions as well. And although the subject matter is more or less the same. The line for line copy differs. Each is a complete rewrite from beginning to end. Well, not the Third Edition so much, Eddie died before he finished it, but you get the idea. Concept = same. Jokes/copy = different.